



VOL. VII.]

New-York....Saturday, May 21....1808.

[NO. 4.]

THE FATAL

EFFECTS OF REVENGE.

THIS little history exhibits the mournful consequences of credulity, jealousy, and revenge, in a most melancholy light. Nothing more tragically dreadful, perhaps, is to be found, either in Othello, or the Moor's Revenge.—It was wrote by the gentleman principally interested in it, after he had retired from the world to the abbey of La-Trappe.

“MY birth is noble, and my name of some consideration in my province. I should not, however, recollect advantages so frivolous in the eye of Religion, did not all the misfortunes of myself, and family, from thence derive their origin. My youth I passed in the army; I then returned to my estate, where, happy in marriage, I lived in the greatest tranquillity. Though not of a passionate temper, I happened once to treat with some haughtiness, one of my vassals, who visited rather too familiarly my wife's chamber-maid: I had ordered him repeatedly to desist, but in vain; I at length forbid him my house, in a manner the more peremptory, as, on consulting the girl's inclinations, I found her averse to the marriage. I

learnt, notwithstanding, that he persisted in his visits. This irritated me. I went to his house, where, finding him alone, I reproached him with warmth; he answered with insolence: moved with indignation, I gave him several blows; he suffered them without resistance; but the moment I turned to leave him, he threw himself furiously upon me, and levelling me with the ground, bruised me severely. The dread of the consequences made him conceive a design against my life. I had no sword, and, though I had been armed, defence was impossible; groaning under the weight of a vigorous peasant, who, pressing against my breast with his knees, with one hand grasped my throat, and with the other appeared to search for his knife to dispatch me, I asked for mercy; he deigned to grant it; but it was after having made me swear, by all that was sacred in heaven or earth, that I should never resent it, nor meditate revenge. To these conditions I agreed without hesitation, and was permitted to depart.

For some days the shame of so mortifying an incident, with the remembrance of my oath, had

well nigh deprived me of reason. There was no witness of my disgrace, and no danger of the peasant's publishing it; yet I could not calm the reproaches of my own heart. At length, unable longer to support such violent agitations, I determined to invite all the noblesse of my neighbourhood, and and, in a secret council, laid the case before my kinsmen, and friends; interested as well as myself, in the support of the honour and privileges of our body. I demanded of them how I ought to conduct myself, or how they would behave in my situation. After long deliberation, they were unanimously of opinion that I ought strictly to adhere to my word; with this additional advice, (of the propriety of which, my misfortune had sufficiently convinced me) "That, independent of the moderation which ought to mark superiority of rank, no gentleman ought to maltreat his vassal, if he has not also superiority of strength." A decision so solemn, calmed my transports; for such is what is commonly called honour, that it is oftener influenced by the opinion of others, than by the nature of things, or the idea which one forms of it himself. I declared however, to my enemy, that I could no longer endure him under my eye, and that to enjoy the pardon I had granted him, it was necessary he should remove from my estate. This man was rich; he was sensible too (notwithstanding the fidelity with which he knew I ad-

hered to my promises) that I had a hundred ways of mortifying him, against which he could find no defence: he therefore took the resolution of selling off all his effects and settling in a neighbouring parish. I learnt that, on quitting my estate, he carried with him a rooted hatred against me, at which I was not surprized; I knew his malignity well, but thought him too insignificant to give me any cause for alarm; and some months, which I afterwards passed in tranquillity, made me entirely forget him.

The following winter some troops of cavalry arrived in our canton, for the benefit of forage, of which there was great abundance. I had my share of these military guests. My house was open to the officers. I still retained a taste for a profession I had so long followed, and the polite behaviour of the gentlemen who fell to my lot, perfectly corresponded with my own. The winter, in consequence, was a continued round of pleasures.

I was in this happy situation, when a short billet, in an unknown hand, was thrown into my cabinet. It contained, without preface or explanation, a simple exhortation to watch over the conduct of my wife. Jealousy was a weakness which I had never felt; nevertheless, this caution had come with so little appearance of design, that it made me cast my eyes on a thousand circumstances, which I had never

before considered ; I saw, however, nothing which could justify suspicion. The major of the regiment and the other officers, behaved to my wife with all the politeness which distinguishes the military noblesse ; regulated, however, by the strictest decency and honour. I resumed, therefore, my confidence and esteem for an amiable wife, who had brought me two sons and from whom I had never received the least cause for chagrin.

Fifteen days after I found in the same place another billet, reproaching me with blindness, after the lights which had been given me. This, however, made no greater impression than the first. A third at last, more explicit, though equally cool and unaffected in the style, informed me, that, by an excess of indulgence, I had allowed the evil to get to a head, and, that my wife, no longer confining herself to the pleasures of the day, received her lover every night. There was now no longer room for incredulity ; from whatever hand this billet had come, it contained an accusation of a positive crime, which seemed to carry its proofs along with it. Alas ! I must confess that rage succeeded too sudden to insensibility ; this was the first of my crimes and misfortunes, and has been productive of so many others, that, even in this place, where I am condemned to mourn them night and day, I cannot distinguish the most fatal. My transport would have hurried me in-

stantly to the most bloody executions, had I better known my victims : but the night not being far distant, I obtained from myself this delay of vengeance. Reflecting afterwards, that I should find difficulty in introducing myself without noise into my wife's apartment, I took another resolution ; this was to call her chamber-maid, who could not be ignorant of my shame, and to bring her over to my interests, either by soothing or by threats. The girl asked my commands : I assumed a serenity of countenance, and desired her to be sincere : she promised.—“What passes,” addressing her, “in your lady's apartment ?” She affected astonishment.—“Yes,” repeated I, “what has passed there for some nights of late ?” After having for some time regarded me with an undetermined eye—“What, sir, is it not you whom I hear pass through the wardrobe into my lady's bed-chamber, and retire again about break of day ?” “No,” returned I, in a tone which betrayed my feelings.—“Till now,” says she, “I have always believed it ; but, in demanding of me the truth, you make me open my eyes to what I have been ever afraid of giving credit to.” She then, without being further urged, informed me of several familiarities which she had observed between the officers and her lady. I interrupted her ;—I wanted relief—“It is enough—I here make you an offer of recompence, or death. If you assist me to-night, in getting me a view of

my wife's gallant, I shall place no bounds to my acknowledgments ; if you fail in discretion, instant death is your fate." She promised faithful obedience.

Night arrived : I conveyed myself through various turnings into the wardrobe, where I was attended by my confidante : I was armed with a poignard, determined not to return without finishing the tragedy. I heard a noise ; " is it him ?" says I to the chamber-maid. She begged me to command myself for a moment, till she could examine her lady's chamber : " it is he," says she, at her return : " he entered by this way ; but conceiving, perhaps, some apprehensions, he has got out again by another door of the apartment."—I was furious—" But have you not taken care," says I, " to observe him in the passage ? who is he ?"—I saw her embarrassed, which I attributed to a regard for her lady—" who is he ?" with a more terrible tone ? With timidity she answered, " The major." " He shall perish," involuntarily burst from my lips. Then running towards the quarter from whence the noise proceeded, I heard some person hastily traversing the anti-chamber ; but, under cover of the night, he escaped by the court.

For some moments I deliberated whether I should return to my wife's apartment, and poignard her in her bed, or whether I should wait a more favourable opportuni-

ty to surprize the guilty, and sacrifice them both at a blow. As, however, I did not entertain the shadow of a doubt, I determined on another course, which appeared less tedious, and agreed better with my ideas of honour. I resolved next day to call out the major : the goodness of my cause promised me success, as well as my courage and skill in arms. I proposed vengeance of another kind on my wife.

Scarce had the ensuing day began to appear, when I repaired to the major's apartments ; I invited him out to a little walk ; when, without the least explanation, I declared to him the necessity of fighting. He appeared surprized ; his intrepidity, however, did not abandon him. " After the affair," says he, fiercely, " you will inform me how I have offended." He defended himself with great address ; he wounded me dangerously in the side ; it did not, however, disable me ; I gave him in return a mortal thrust in the breast, which extended him lifeless on the ground. Heaven, how impenetrable are your decrees ! how terrible are your judgments !

(*To be continued.*)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

The following extract from a letter in my possession, is given you for the sake of fame, and through a sincere wish that it may be of some advantage to such of your female readers, as are yet without

the pale of matrimony. The subject is interesting to them. Many writers have discussed it—some with minuteness, others generally. What I send you aspires not to the merit of novelty, it contains instructions familiar to the thinking part of society; and [what should often be impressed on the minds of such as have not yet learnt wisdom from personal experience. As the head (unless in maniacs) has always some influence over the heart, and as some ladies are really and unaffectedly at a loss for sure and infallible principles on which to proceed, when the happiness of their life is suspended on a single determination; perhaps the qualities pointed out in what is here transmitted, may serve as a standard, by which to compare those of the candidate for their affections; and thus a letter not designed for the public eye, may preserve the judgment of some from error, and their bosoms from many pangs of domestic misery.

ADRASTUS.

"My dear Girl,

"Having now given you my sentiments on the tendency of the polite amusements of the present day, I come to that part of your letter which requests "if there be any certain unillusive principles, on which an unexperienced girl may proceed in the choice of a companion for life, to furnish you with them."

My good girl, in the glow of affection you have ever rated my understanding too highly, and have ever reposed too little confidence in your own. Your native prudence, if unassisted, would be adequate to the determination you are now solicited to form; howev-

er, as you have requested my assistance in terms which oblige me to presume you in earnest, I shall venture to prescribe a few rules, illustrated by some observations, which I hope will give you all the satisfaction you desire.

If you act prudently, then, you will direct your first attention to the *disposition* of the person proposed to your choice. As this is amiable, or unlovely, your happiness will increase or diminish—a mild and even disposition it is principally that constitutes what we call "a worthy man." It is this that sweetens the cup of domestic life—that excites and secures the female affections, and lays the firmest basis for connubial felicity. A person of harsh manners would perpetually wound your peace; were he irascible or impetuous, your fears would be ever on the alarm, lest the violence of his anger would involve him in difficulties or disgrace; and if malevolent or mean, your heart could never glow with attachment for an object whose principles or feelings were discordant with your own. Generosity and benevolence, which are the leading traits of a good disposition, are qualities which human nature, unless egregiously corrupted, cannot but admire—and when these are combined with gentleness of address, simplicity of manners, sensibility of heart, and purity of principle; a female breast that is not callous to the impressions of excellence, must feel and

acknowledge the influence of such merit.

But again—To guard against misapprehension, and prevent you from thinking that I mean to recommend a character whose highest praise is that of being a *good-natured man*, suffer me to point your attention to *good sense* as next in importance to a *good disposition*. A blockhead, or one of weak intellects, must surely, of all animals, be the most insufferable. Made the standing butt of ridicule, and constantly exposed to blunders and inadvertencies, he would perpetually put you to the blush, by his ill-timed remarks, or awkward behaviour—unless wilfully blind to his follies, your feelings would be often wounded, when the sneer of contempt, or the smile of pity, should be extorted from a friend or acquaintance—and in such a character, with a consciousness of inferiority in point of capacity, a jealousy of authority would proportionably increase. A weak man is commonly the most absolute of tyrants. Regarding every piece of advice, and deficiency in opinion as arising from a sense of his feebleness, and from a contempt of his influence, he would let no occasion pass of evincing his supreme authority, and in the most trivial occurrences, exert the full plenitude of his sovereignty. Inadvertencies, and unintentional slights, he would construe into pointed affronts, and as such would perhaps, resent and punish them. Thus

would domestic harmony be undermined, and with a female, whose enjoyments are principally circumscribed within her own walls, the whole fabric of temporal bliss would be levelled with the dust. But from a man of understanding, you might always expect comfort and entertainment; to him you might look up with confidence for advice and assistance in every scene and perplexity of life. In seeing him respected or beloved, you would draw constant pleasure, and as his merit would ever engage your fondest regard, so from him you might expect a constant return of tenderness and affection.

Again—*To a good natural understanding, let a religious and liberal education be united in the person of your choice.* The importance of this requisite I scarcely think you can estimate too highly, for if there be any confidence between man and man, whom can we more rationally trust than that man, who acts from a higher motive than mere human opinion? who acts as in the immediate presence of that being who now inspects, and will soon be the judge of his conduct. Even that qualification of piety, that second grade in principle, styled “Virtue,” every one must confess to be a far greater security, than a total disregard to religion and morality.—But where genuine purity of principle exists, there is at least one trait in the character which will command constant esteem, and when to this is added ex-

tensive knowledge, a larger field opens for admiration. Yet beware of a pedant—he will harrass and persecute you with his learning ; perhaps when surrounded by your friends, you wish to pass a few hours amusingly, he may deem your cheerfulness levity, and in the sincerity of his good will, may compel you to forego entertainment, for the dull profundity of his knowledge. But a general acquaintance with the world, as well as with books, produces very different effects ; it gives birth to liberality of sentiment, from which again forbearance in matters of small moment, principally arises ; you are sensible, I hope, of the importance of this particular in the married state, from an assurance that perfection exists not on earth. You have faults—the associate you may choose for life, cannot be without them ; to correct these were wise, but this is rarely practicable at mature age—habits then become fixed, and stubborn, and mutual forbearance is the only resort each has for the security of domestic peace.

A person of an uninformed and narrow intellect, would be blind to his own peculiarities, and of consequence would be less tolerant of yours ; he would stickle for little *modes* of conduct, without regard to the spirit, and lose his temper at deviations of customs, whose only existence consists in his having long used them ; while a man who in early life has had pure princi-

ples instilled into his heart, and has grown up in the habit of them ; whose mind has been early enlightened by the rays of science, and whose uniform pursuit is to increase his knowledge, and enlarge his capacity ; is a character to whom a lady might entrust her heart, with as little hazard as any one I could mention.

Again—*It is the duty of every lady, before she unites herself in the bands of matrimony, to be secure of a comfortable provision for present exigencies, and future demands.* Not by any means that I would wish you to make a fortune a term on which you receive the addresses of a gentleman—for a mercenary spirit I abhor, particularly in a case where genuine affection should be the governing motive ; but it matters little from which side the property comes, so that the property be not a necessary consequence of matrimony.

In cautious and calculating age, that has encountered the difficulties, and proved how sweet are the “good things” of life, this disposition does not so justly provoke censure ; but in youth it argues a narrow and grovelling mind ; and I thank heaven that European customs have not yet so far crept into my country, that settlements and separate interests must precede a matrimonial connexion—yet avoid the opposite extreme.

Never be dependant for your bread or cloathing on parents or

friends—what is your husbands is yours, you can use it as you please, what you receive immediately from another, you must spend cautiously, to avoid offending your benefactor. If the person proposed to your choice is not, therefore, so circumstanced as to support you in the style you have a right to expect, by all means postpone your connexion till he is—if frugal and industrious, (and not very unfortunate) in this country, a person in a few years may qualify himself for supporting a family in decency and comfort.

By engaging also in a liberal profession, or reputable occupation, a man may render great service to his friends and society—hence he acquires respect in the eyes of his fellow citizens, and in every acquisition of this nature, the consequence of his better half, is proportionably raised.

(To be Concluded next week.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

TO RUBEN OYSTERBANK, ESQ.

SIR,

Taking advantage of the embargo, which suspends my business; and of a north-east storm, which keeps me within doors; I shall do you the favour to write a few lines for your *instruction*. You have, doubtless, heard of "May-day;" that epoch of confusion that

annually visits our metropolis. This I take for granted; and having a mortal aversion to prefaces, which are so often like a stupendous wall enclosing a barren field, where there is nothing to compensate for the trouble of climbing over it, I shall proceed immediately, and without any delay or further ceremony, to the *matter* in hand. Know, then, that the wife of an acquaintance of mine, who has resided for several years past in one and the same house, by some mean or means, discovered, previous to the first day of May instant, that it would not possibly be convenient to remain another twelvemonth in the same dwelling. But that for the sake of more wholesome air, a wider street, a better house, a larger yard, or some one or more, of the many causes which influence and direct the *affaires* of women, the place of residence must be changed. It was, therefore, finally and absolutely agreed and determined upon, that the family should be removed to some more eligible part of the town. Another house was accordingly fixed upon, and provided. Nothing more seemed necessary than the removal of the furniture, which could soon be done; and though attended with some expence, this would be compensated by the additional smiles which would be bestowed upon the *good* husband, when in the new abode. But mark what follows.—Upon a minute examination of the premises, previous to the introduction of the family and effects,

the good lady found it was absolutely and indispensably necessary, that the interior of the building should *undergo* a *material* change, before it could in any wise receive the appellation of a genteel, or even a decent receptacle. This change, in the *affairs* of a house, could not be effected in a moment. It was a work of magnitude, and required a vigorous effort. She was determined, therefore, (any representation or remonstrance to the contrary, notwithstanding) to take the command upon herself; and exercising the prerogative of woman, direct the *manouvres* of the field in *propria persona*. Her attendants, to be sure, (for the commencement of a campaign) were not numerous. *Three* wenches, *two* male servants, a *painter*, and a *paperer*, were all the *animate* objects destined for the attack. But of auxiliaries, objects inanimate, O, *Genius of Memory*! I invoke thy aid to name them. Lime, sand, clay, mortar, ley, hot-water, cold-water, soap, brooms, brushes, leather buckets, wooden buckets, shovels, slovens, mops, tubs, baskets, paint-pots, white-wash pots, paste-pots, paint-brushes, paste-brushes, paper, ladders, steps, bricks, wheel-barrow, axe, hammer, nails, hoe, hatchet, &c. &c. Besides the whole artillery of exclamations! invocations! interrogations! and interjections!—Such were the weapons wielded on this *tormentable* occasion. And woe to the man, woman, child, chicken, dog, or cat, that should come with-

in the sphere of their influence. They would not escape without *marks* of their danger. Had even a solitary mouse (conceiving his territory violated) dared to raise his miscreant head among the “wrecks of matter,” his life had paid for his temerity. Such, my friend, are the *pleasures* of removal, to which you in the country are strangers.

I am happy to inform you, however, that the good lady gained the *point*, (though not without much *water-shed*) and her husband and family are again restored to peace and tranquility. And I have further to inform you, for your *gratification*, that you will not receive another *Bulletin* from me until the wind again blows a gale from the *North-east*, a thunder storm appears, or the editor of the *Lady's Miscellany* gives this a place in his paper, for the *edification* of his readers.

JONATHAN.

New-York, May 11. 1808.

THE UNNATURAL SON.

..... Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this
hand
For lifting food to't?

SHAKESPEARE.

M. BERTIN, wishing to see his native country [Perigord] from which he had been long absent, he went to pay a visit to one of his old friends, whom he had not heard from for more than a year. Upon

his arrival at the house, he was received by the son of his friend, who told him that his father had been dead about a year. Though he was struck with the news which was so unexpected, it did not prevent him from going in. He conversed with the son upon the state of his affairs, and frequently interrupted the conversation to regret the loss of his old friend. At night he was conducted to his apartment, which he found to be the same as the deceased had occupied. This circumstance contributed not a little to keep alive his sorrow, and to prevent him from sleeping. He continued awake till two o'clock in the morning, when he heard the door of his chamber open; and by the feeble glimmering of a night lamp, and of the fire, which was still burning, he perceived the figure of an old man, pale, wan, and excessively thin, with a long and dirty beard, who shivering with cold, was walking on slowly towards the chimney. When he was near the fire, he seemed to warm himself, eagerly saying, "Ah! it is a long time since I saw the fire!" In his voice, figure, and manner, M. Bertin, who was seized with terror, thought he recognised his old friend, the master of the house. He was neither able to speak to him, nor to leave the bed; when the old man turning towards the bed, and sighing, said, "Ah! how many nights have I passed without going to bed!" and as he said it, he came forward, in order to throw

himself upon it. The terror which Mr. Bertin felt, made him leap out precipitately, crying, "Who are you? What do you want?" On hearing his voice, the old man looked at him with astonishment, and immediately knew him. "What do I see?" cried he, "M. Bertin! my friend M. Bertin!"—and who then are you?—cried M. Bertin. The old man mentioned his name; and the other recovering gradually from his fright, learned with horror, that his friend had been confined a year in one of the vaults of the castle, by his son, (assisted by a servant that daily brought him food;) who had given it out that his father was dead, in order that he might get possession of his property. On that very day, as he afterwards learned, the arrival of M. Bertin, who was not expected, having thrown the house into confusion, the servant who carried provisions to the unfortunate old man, had not properly fastened the door of the cell, when he went away; and the latter perceiving it, waited till all was quiet in the castle, and under cover of the night, endeavoured to escape; but not finding the keys in the outer door, he naturally took the way to his apartment, which, though in the dark, he easily found. M. Bertin called up his servant without loss of time, said he wished to set off immediately, without waking the master of the castle; and took the old man with him to Perrigeux, where they arrived at day-break. Proper officers were directly dispatched to

arrest the unnatural son ; who suffered what his crime deserved, by being shut up, during the remainder of his life in the same cell in which he had confined his father.

.....
EXTRACT.

Translated from D'Alembert's letter to Rousseau.

After having spoken so ill of dramatic exhibitions, you must needs fall foul of the persons who represent them, and of those who in your opinion, attract us to them ; and this you have done in no sparing degree, by the manner in which you have thought proper to treat comedians, both male and female. Your philosophy shews mercy to none, and we may justly apply to it this passage of scripture—*His hand against every one.* According to your sentiment, the habit in which comedians necessarily indulge, of assuming characters different from their own, accuses them to deceit. I can scarcely believe that this reproach is serious. On the same principle you impeach all dramatic authors, who are still more obliged than comedians to transform themselves into the characters of those whom they introduce on the stage. You add, that it is vile to expose oneself to be hissed, for the sake of money. But, in recompence, what plaudits are more flattering than those of a crowded theatre ? And why should we refuse an actor, courted and admired by the public, the right

so just and noble, of gaining his subsistence by the exertion of his talents ? I say nothing to what you subjoin, (doubtless in jest) that valets who exercise themselves on the stage in the art of stealing adroitly, are at the same time instructing themselves how to commit burglaries, and pick pockets in the streets.

Superior, as you are, to all prejudices, how happens it you did not perceive that if they who represent plays deserve to be dishonored, those who compose them merit similar disgrace ; and thus, to elevate one, and debase the other, is to be at once most barbarous and inconsequent ? The Greeks were less so than we are, and in their better logic we see the cause of that esteem, in which good comedians were held amongst them. They esteemed Æsopus for the same reason that they admired Sophocles, and Euripides. The Romans, it is true, thought differently ; but with them comedies were performed by slaves. Occupied in great undertakings, they employed none but slaves to administer to their pleasures.

The chastity of actresses is, I agree, more exposed than that of other women ; but then the glory of the victory ought to be greater. It is not a rare thing to see some who resist a long time,* and it

* The ladies of the green-room will scarcely thank M. D'Alembert for this defence—*'Il n'est pas rare d'en voir qui résistent long-temps..'*

would be more common to find them resisting for ever, if they were not discouraged from maintaining their continence by the little real consideration, which they derived from it. The surest way of vanquishing the passions, is to combat them by vanity. Grant distinctions to virtuous actresses, and their order, I predict, the most severe of all with regard to morals. But whilst they behold, on one hand, that they get no credit for depriving themselves of lovers, and that it is permitted, on the other, to women of fashion to have them, without being held in less esteem,† how can they be expected not to seek for consolation in the enjoyment of pleasures, which they would deny themselves without any advantage.

† The scene lies in *France*.

.....

For the Lady's Miscellany.

LIGHT ARTICLES.

Men are said to fall below, and again to exceed themselves; but a discerning man will distinguish a wise man in all his performances. He can never talk nor trifle like a fool. The rubbish of SWIFT bears evident marks of his superlative genius and wit.

Some alledge that the best time for study is in the morning; but I apprehend, that the most favourable season, is between breakfast and dinner; or in a winter evening beside a good fire, and a clean hearth. The harder it storms without the better.

A person observed, a few days since, that he did not see why good *Albany* ale should not be brewed in *New-York*.

A new modern traveller says, that the *inhabitants* of *desert* islands are generally found to be extremely jealous of their wives.

Having seen a *bon mot* of an Irish soldier translated into French, in which language its spirit has considerably evaporated, we are induced to give it in the original.... In the month of december, an Irish soldier of one of the regiments in garrison here, slipt and fell on the frozen snow; when he exclaimed, "By the holy, I can't take the law of you, but you'll get a *sweating* for it before the month of June."

— *Lon. Pap.*

A humourous author compares love to the small pox....the longer it is in making its appearance, the more violent is the disorder.

The seven reasons. A minister having changed his religion for a good benefice, was greatly blamed by his friends for thus deserting them. He assured them he had *seven* unanswerable reasons to give for his conduct. Being asked what they were? He answered, "A wife and six children."

The notion is idle, that a man will live easier on a small income, or grow sooner rich, if he remain unmarried. Every thing desirable is furthered by a good wife.

The chamber maid at an inn, being asked at a trial for crim. con. if the adulteress and her paramour lived like man and wife? Yes, my lord, cried Betty, they did, for they quarrelled from morning till night.

DR. Radcliff, it is well known, loved his glass; as he was enjoying it in a convivial circle in a coffee house, a man entreated him to visit his wife, who was taken suddenly ill. The doctor said he would accompany him immediately, but the affectionate husband, a stout robust figure, impatient of delay, threw the doctor over his shoulder and ran off with him. As they were ascending the stairs, "Now, says the doctor, I'll be even with you, you rascal, for I'll cure your wife."

EXTRACTS.

A FEW years ago, when Kosciusko came through Bristol, on his way to America, great marks of honour were shown him, and many presents made him, both by the municipality, and by individuals. Among others, an honest gingerbread-baker thought, as he was going to sea, nothing could be more acceptable to him than a noble plumb cake for the voyage; he made him the very best which could be made, a valiant one it was. It was as big as he could carry; and on the top, which was as usual covered with a crust of sugar, was written in coloured sugar-plumbs—

To the gallant Kosciusko. With this burden, the good man proceeded to the house of the American consul, where Kosciusko was lodged, and inquired for the general. He was told that he was lying on the sofa, for his wounds were not at that time healed, and was too much fatigued and too unwell to see any one. "Oh," said the gingerbread baker, "he won't be angry at seeing me, I warrant you, so show me the way up," and pushing the servant forward, he followed him up stairs into the room. When, however, he saw the great man whom he was come to honor, lying on a couch, with his countenance pale, painful, and emaciated, yet full of benevolence, the sight overpowered him: he put down his cask, burst into tears like a child, and ran out of the room, without speaking a single word.

[*Espriella's letters.*]

Voltaire has the merit of having discovered the physical cause of the superiority of the English at sea. The natives of the South of Europe navigate smooth seas,—those of the North are frozen up during the winter; but the English seas are open all the year, and are navigable in long dark stormy nights, when nothing but great skill and incessant exertion can preserve the vessel. Hence arises a degree of confidence in their sailors which is almost incredible; the greater the danger, the greater is their activity; instead of shrinking from toil, every man

is at his post ;—having no faith in miracles for their deliverance, they almost work miracles to deliver themselves ; and instead of preparing for death, strain every nerve to avoid it. Added to this confidence, they have also in war that which arises from constant success. The English sailor feels that he is master of the seas. Whatever he sees is to do him homage. He is always on the look-out, not with the fear of an enemy before his eyes, but like a strong pirate with the hope of gain ; and when going into action, with an equal, or even a superior force, he calculates his profits as certainly as if the enemy were already taken.—“ There,” said the master of a frigate, when the captain did not choose to engage a superior French force, because he had a convoy in charge ; “ There,” said he, with a groan, “ there’s seven hundred pounds lost to me for ever.”—As for fear, it is not in their nature. One of these men went to see a juggler exhibit his tricks : there happened to be a quantity of gunpowder in the apartment underneath, which took fire, and blew up the house. The sailor was thrown into a garden behind, where he fell without being hurt.—He stretched his arms and legs, got up, shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and then cried out, conceiving what had happened to be only a part of the performance, and perfectly willing to go through the whole,—“ D——n the fellow, I wonder what the devil he’ll do next !”

ib.

From late London papers.

It appears that the gold mines in the Russian empire afford 12,675 pounds weight, of that valuable metal annually ; and the silver mines 7,000,000 pounds. The value of the coin annually exported from Russia, is about 1,200,000*l.* sterling.

A German author, who has lately published some satirical observations respecting the state of Europe, says, that Europe contains 171,396 square German miles, of which France either governs directly, or protects 38,893 ; that it contains 182,599,000 inhabitants, of which 37,050,000 obey France, or enter into its federal system ; that there are in Europe 2,549,836 soldiers, of which France can put 854,890 in movement. The total revenues of Europe he estimates at 1,173,750,000 florins, of which France receives about 700,000,000 of livres.

A furrier of Copenhagen has invented a method of making black hats of seal-skin, for which he has obtained a royal patent, which entitles him to the sole fabrication of that article for three years.

Astonishing calculation in Printing.

It appears by a calculation made by the printer of Steven’s edition of Shakespeare, that every octavo page of that work (text and notes) contains 2,680 distinct pieces of

metal, which in a sheet amount to 42,880 ; the misplacing of any one of which, would infallibly cause a blunder.—With this curious fact before our eyes, surely the accurate state of our printing in general, is to be admired.

THE CHILD OF WOE.

OH ! listen, strangers, to my tale,
Nor harshly chide me, so ;
Oh ! let each accent mild prevail,
For piercing blows the wint'ry gale,
To chill the child of woe.

Soon as the breath of life I drew,
Each joy became my foe,
Each pleasure from the mansion flew ;
My mother died, and left to you,
Her orphan'd child of woe.

For widow'd soon, her gentle heart,
By love well taught to glow,
Broke, as to me she did impart
A being, fraught with Sorrow's smart,
A life weigh'd down with woe.

Oh ! strangers, hear this weak appeal !
Soft Mercy's boon bestow !
My pray'rs shall bless you when I kneel,
For heaven to those will plenty deal,
Who aid the child of woe.

FIRST IMPRESSION.

PURE, unsullied, virtuous love,
From its truth knows no digression ;
Hearts, thus link'd, can never rove ;
Faithful to the first impression.

The maid who waver'd till she fell
A hapless victim to transgression,
Had liv'd till now her bliss to tell,
Had she been true to first impression.

Let rigid Prudence be your guide,
Ere yet to love you make concession ;
But when 'tis made, be faith your pride,
Oh ! never blot the first impression.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday, by the rev. J. N. Abeel,
Samuel D. Craig, Esq. to Miss Helen
K. Brasher.

On Thursday evening, 12th inst, by
the rev. Bishop Moore, Duncan Pear-
sall Campbell, Esq. to Miss Catharine
Bayard, daughter of William Bayard,
Esq.

On Saturday, the 7th inst. by the rev.
Mr. Lyell, Mr. William Gibbons, to
Miss Jane Sterling.

Same evening, by the rev. Mr. Green,
Mr. Jonas Smith, to Miss Mary Hubbs
both of Smithtown.

On Sunday, the 8th inst. in this city,
Capt. Thomas Watkinson, to Miss
Laura Walbridge, daughter of the late
Rufus Walbridge of Connecticut.

At Greensburgh, on Monday evening
last, by the rev. Mr. Cooper, J. Bayles,
Esq. to Miss Maria Swartwout, daugh-
ter of Col. Bernardus Swartwout, of that
place.

DIED,

At Baltimore, on the evening of the
11th inst. after a tedious and painful ill-
ness, Mr. Francis Menier, a native of
Cape Francois, aged about 37 years, a
resident of New-York for several years,
and late of Baltimore.

On Wednesday, Miss Sarah Laba-
tour, daughter of P. Labatour, Esq. of
the island of Martinique. This is the
second child this gentleman has lost
within a few day, by a putrid sore throat.



The Mother to her Child.

WELCOME thou little dimpled stranger,
O! welcome to my fond embrace;
Thou sweet reward of pain and danger,
Still let me press thy cherub face.

Dear source of many a mingled feeling,
How did I dread yet wish thee here!
While hope and fear, in turns prevailing
Serv'd but to render thee more dear.

How glow'd my heart with exultation,
So late the anxious seat of care,
When first thy voice of supplication
Stole sweetly on thy Mother's ear.

What words could speak the bright
emotion

That sparkled in thy father's eye,
When to his fond paternal bosom
He proudly press'd his darling boy!

Oh! that thou mayest, sweet babe, in-
herit

Each virtue to his heart most dear;
His manly grace, his matchless merit,
Is still thy doating mother's prayer.

While on thy downy couch reposing,
To watch thee is my tender toil;
I mark thy sweet blue eyes unclosing,
I fondly hail thy cherub smile!

Smile on, sweet babe, unknown to sor-
row

Still brightly beam thy heavenly eye;
And may the dawn of every morrow
Shed blessings on my darling boy.

AGE.

CALM is the eve of Life, when to the
mind
Wakes the sweet scene of retrospective
joy:
The happy grandsire clasps his cherub
boy,
His youth the dawn of virtue pleas'd to
find.

The infant girl his aged partner sees;
Her daughter's loveliness delights to
trace
In every feature of its smiling face,
While both in frolic gambol round their
knees.

Their hearts feel pleasures renovating
glow,
And conscience dares pronounce the
rapture pure;

For lives of earthly piety secure
The greatest bliss creation can bestow,

To meet each moment as it were the last;
Trusting the future—happy in the past.

The Rose and Thorn.

Of the rose fair and young, poets often
have sung,

And the thorn near its bosom em-
boss'd;

But notic'd have none that the rose is
but one,

And the thorns are a merciless host.

Having liv'd out its day, the mild rose
dies away,

Averse and unequal in strife;
But the thorns are still there, the rude
emblems of care,

To wound through the winter of life.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CLOUGH,
No. 46 Fair-street.